The Women's Missionary Magazine

of the United Presbyterian Church

VOL. 16. NOVEMBER, 1902. No. 4

Lights and Shadows of Naya Pind.

BY MINNIE PARKS ANDERSON, Zafarwal.

NAYA PIND, i. e., the New Village, was the original home of our beloved and venerated Kanaya, and of the Rev. Isa Bhajna and others mentioned in our revered Dr. Gordon's "India Mission" as among the wonderful "first sweet fruits" of our mission work in the dark land. Their fearless confession and consistent profession of Christ made indeed a picture of strong and bright lights. But after a time— it was never known quite how—offences came, and that village which had been such a hopeful one became cold and embittered against the new religion and those who had embraced it, and the hope of a mass movement, which was so strong in those who were laboring with the Holy Spirit and witnessiug His labors, was lost —for the time being at least. The Prince of Darkness had found the place and changed the picture. When the missionary's house was built it was located near to the New Village, and the faithful workers, not knowing whether would prosper this or that, persevered. They sowed in the morning and in the evening witheld not the hand, but often with aching hearts, as I have heard Dr. Barr or Misses Campbell and Corbett tell, because no light seemed to fall upon them ; it seemed only growing darker and the hearts more hard and bitter. Still they worked on, the native brethern and sisters also making many loving efforts in behalf of these their relatives yet in darkness. Workers, foreign and native, came and went. For years and years it was so, until we said, "Are they past hope? Have they, being so enlightened, hardened their hearts beyond r demption ? Have they altogether grieved away His Holy Spirit of grace ?"

But prayers were ascending to God, prayers of those who were united in this one purpose—to plead God's promise of blessing in reply to concerted prayer on Naya Pind, and God did hear. The first fruit was a meek spirited lad of fifteen or sixteen, without relatives or friends or influence. That did not disturb the calm indifference of the New Village. No one cared for him, but he was precious to us as one of Christ's little ones. Thank God, the light was beginning to break, though as yet the rays were faint.

He was followed, not long after, by another boy of about his own age and circumstances, but of very different spirit, a determined and independent spirit far from meek. At first he came and joined himself to the Christians in a business way, but his uncle (several times removed) seeing in him, as he thought, an inclination towards Christianity, undertook to dissuade him by giving him a good beating. But it proved the wrong tactics. The boy said, "Oh, you

are now taking a *very brotherly* interest in me. Before this, when I was fairly starving and had but a single garment to my name, you were quite indifferent. Where was your brotherly love then? I was very much undecided in my mind about these religions when I came to the Christians, but your beating has decided me. "Now I *will* be a Christian and nothing shall hinder me." And he was. That was about six years ago. He has developed into a strong Christian man and an excellent servant in the household of Misses Martin and Young. The light was growing brighter and clearer.

The next was quite different. The hearts of the young are more easily reached, their intellects more easily discern; but this was an old man, gray haired and with married daughters. He had known the truth too and resisted it for these many, many years, his brother having been living a most consistent Christian beside him for twenty years, I dare say. But when this strong fort at last yielded, it yielded completely with all its occupants, and it was one of the rare joys of missionary life to see him with his wife and eight children as they stood in line for baptism, three of the latter on their own confession. This man, while he was poor and unlearned, had a certain influence as having resisted so long and successfully even those near relatives, and God used that influence now it was yielded to Him. The light was surely growing.

Very soon he was followed by another man in middle life quite similarly situated—all his friends Christians, but he holding out and even bitterly opposing Christianity. One more victory over the darkness.

The next addition was a very unexpected and unusual one. A man whose wife had died leaving him with four motherless little girls found their support and care an unequal task in the famine times through which India was then passing, and through the persuasion of Christian relatives gave three of them over without reserve to Misses Young and Martin, the eldest being already married, rather than see them suffer hunger and perhaps starvation. The dear little ones came into their little school and eagerly drank in the Water of Life, and by the end of the year the eldest two were ready and anxious to confess the Saviour and become Christians on their own faith. This was a very rosy and sweet ray of the brightening dawn. But as the light grows stronger, the shadows also grow darker and more distinct This father's action called down much opposition and persecution on him and caused him many losses. But he seemed always happy in the happiness of his children, and we confidently look for him to follow some day.

The next case shows the light and shade still more intimately connected and is very, very sad; shows how heathen bigotry and hatred to Christians will quench even the mother's love and make her cruelty itself A young man, only son of his widowed mother began to show inclination towards the hated religion. He fell ill, and his mother finding his determination to be a Christian growing stronger in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, refused all aid, kindly proffered by the ladies, of medicine and good nourishment for the young man and told him plainly that it would be far better he should die rather than become a Christian. By neglect of every necessity of dieting and nursing it was evident that she was assisting her theory, at last accomplishing her end through months of suffering and pain. His testimony for Christianity became more and more strong and clear to the last as he pleaded with relatives and young friends to come with him. He died yet unbaptized and rather suddenly (there were some indications of poison at last), but Jesus said, "I know my sheep," and we are sure he was gathered into the fold. The mother left him when he was dying to go off to marry her daughter. He died there alone and was cremated by the other relatives before her return. Oh, where was the mother heart? The blackness of that shadow is horrible and makes one shudder in passing it.

Then came a case of a young man who had been already in the struggle for two years, waiting for courage and grace to confess Christ against the opposition of rela-

tives and friends. Especially was his wife bitter on church days and prayer-meeting days. He got no food as the expression of her disapproval, and at last when he came forward for baptism it was with literal trembling, not knowing what would happen in his home. His wife promptly ran away, leaving him and his babe who cried all night for her mother. But the mother love proved too strong. It was God's instrument and the next day she returned, and though she has not consented to baptism, she is learning both the letter and spirit of the gospel and will we doubt not join us when God has completed His work in her heart. As a result of this, although he is a most meek and unassuming man and one who would seem to be entirely without influence, we trace the turning of his brother who, although he died in the plague unbaptized, we believe died in the hope of salvation ; his brother's widow, who was baptized last month ; his wife's sister, who made a bold stand with little encouragements, and we think his aged father's case not a hopeless one.

Thus the circle widens. The spirit now in the village is one of very determined and bitter opposition to anyone who shows the least inclination towards Christianity, and yet we never felt so hopeful of it as now. We feel there is sure to be an upheaval soon. The village is saturated with the doctrine. It is years since idols have been given up. They are too much enlightened to cling to them, but for this very reason have a very Pharisaical spirit. It is, however, but an effort to deceive themselves. They very well know that this will not stand them in time of need.

With one more picture, a shadow, I close. A young girl of sixteen or thereabouts was taken with the plague last winter, and though she did not die she was left an invalid and maimed. Her father doubtless concluded her marriage would be difficult to accomplish and that she might be left on his hands. So in pretense of wishing her to have better care and more hope of recovery he brought her to the ladies and left her for treatment. After a few days he returned and said to her "Farewell. Live or die as you wish. You may not come back to us again. You are our daughter no more. Farewell." Then he, her nearest and dearest, turned on his heel and left her. Surely "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

Such are the lights and shades where the gospel comes, not to make peace but to make divisions ; to set father against son and daughter against mother and make a man forsake those of his own household. But these shadows will flee away when the Sun of Righteousness is fully risen. Pray that the Lord may come in illuminating power to India. Even so come quickly, Lord Jesus. Amen.

Our Mission Work In India.

FROM THE VIEW POINT OF A RETURNED MISSIONARY. (B. G. L.)

I suppose it is too late now to make an appeal for more new missionaries for our India mission for this year, but I do hope there will be a goodly number ready to go out next year.

The field is large, new work is opening up in different departments, and the need for missionaries is very urgent. Years ago I heard the missionaries remark that to keep the work going as it should, continuing that already begun and extending it as the way opens up, there should be at least two new ordained missionaries and two new single lady missionaries sent out every year to take the places of those who leave on furlough, or have to retire from the work, and to be ready for the new work always opening up.

But instead of two new ladies being sent out each year, only two have been sent in

the last *five* years, one in '97 and one in '98. It is four years since a new lady missionary, has gone to our India mission field. And only *three* ordained missionaries have been sent out during the last five years, viz, two in 1900, and one in 1901. During the last five years, three have retired from the field, and three have died. At the time of this writing the word is that three *new* ladies are expecting to go to India this fall, for which we are very thankful, but as yet only *one* new ordained missionary. Why not at least *one* more?

It seems to me if the church *realized* the great need there is of more missionaries, more would be sent. It is not every one who offers and is willing to go that can go, as health, age, etc., must be taken into consideration. So there should be a large army of volunteers from which to choose, and when they are accepted, the church should furnish the money to send and support them. We at home, in this land of plenty, should certainly be willing to do our part in obeying Christ's last command—to evangelize the world. And let us not forget another of His commands—to pray. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."

We notice in the letters from our missionaries in the field that they have occasional times of discouragement and disappointment and I do not wonder at it; for with the great needs around them—the hard work they have to endure in the midst of plague, famine, heat and discouragements of different kinds,—the mission estimates have again been cut by the Board and Assembly; their appeals, have not been answered, and just because they cannot have a few more thousand dollars, some schools have to be closed, and this and that work, which seemed so much needed, must be given up, when they know that if the church members would only give but the tithe there would be plenty of money to carry on the work both at home and abroad.

So now let those of us who are in the home land hold up the hands of those who are in the heat of the battle doing the work for us. Let us pray for them. Let us encourage them by sending more missionaries and more money, so that they may go on with the work that God is so abundantly blessing. They have enough of trials and discouragement, among the heathen, and "in the care of all the churches" of those who have so lately been idol worshipers, without the cause of discouragement we at home may give them in withholding men and means to carry on the good work.

Let us take a glimpse of the work carried on in our mission field in far away India. It is situated in the northern part, in the province of the Punjab. Our work began there in 1855. Then there were no native Christians, now there are over 8,000 church members. What a vast work our missionaries have among these thousands of newly converted ones, who were so lately idol worshipers! Christ not only commanded to *baptize*, but also to *teach* "them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The great majority of these 8,000 and more cannot read, and so need much instruction. They need a village school for their children; and for the more advanced in learning, High-schools, Training-schools, Boarding-schools, colleges and seminaries. The missionaries have the superintending of all that work. Then there is the organization of congregations, Sabbath-schools, missionary societies and young people's societies; the home mission work in the different Presbyteries; the summer Bible schools for the Christian workers; the itinerating work, traveling in the cool season over the districts, living in tents and going from village to village, not only preaching to the heathen, but also to the Christians and instructing and teaching them, and examining the village schools. This may give you a little idea of the work among and for the native Christians.

Then the work is carried on daily among the heathen in different ways. There is the preaching in the bazars or market places by the men; zenana work or house to house visititing by the women; superintending and teaching in mission schools for heathen or Hindu and Mohammedan boys and girls, and the work in the orphanages and indus-

trial schools. We have now over a hundred famine orphan girls, and a hundred famine orphan boys in our orphanages and industrial schools. Then there is the work in hospitals and dispensaries for heathen women and children, where in our two hospitals and three dispensaries, 45,406 patients were treated, and had the Gospel presented to them during the last year.

This gives but a little glimpse of the work our missionaries are carrying on in our mission field in India, among its thousands of villages, towns and cities, and among more than four millions of its teeming population, something like 225,000 for each missionary. It is a matter of great thankfulness and rejoicing that so many have been gathered in during these years, now a Christian community of our eight thousand.

But let us not conclude that because over 8,000 have already been baptized, that the field is almost evangelized, for if our 13 districts contain 4,500,000 inhabitants, there are still more than 4,400,000 heathen left, for the evangelization of whom we as United Presbyterians are responsible.

The situation reminds me of the work of Joshua and the children of Israel, as recorded in Joshua 12th and 13th chapter. In the 12th chapter it tells of so many kings and their lands being taken possession of, but in the beginning of the next chapter it says "And there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

The Condition of Women in India.

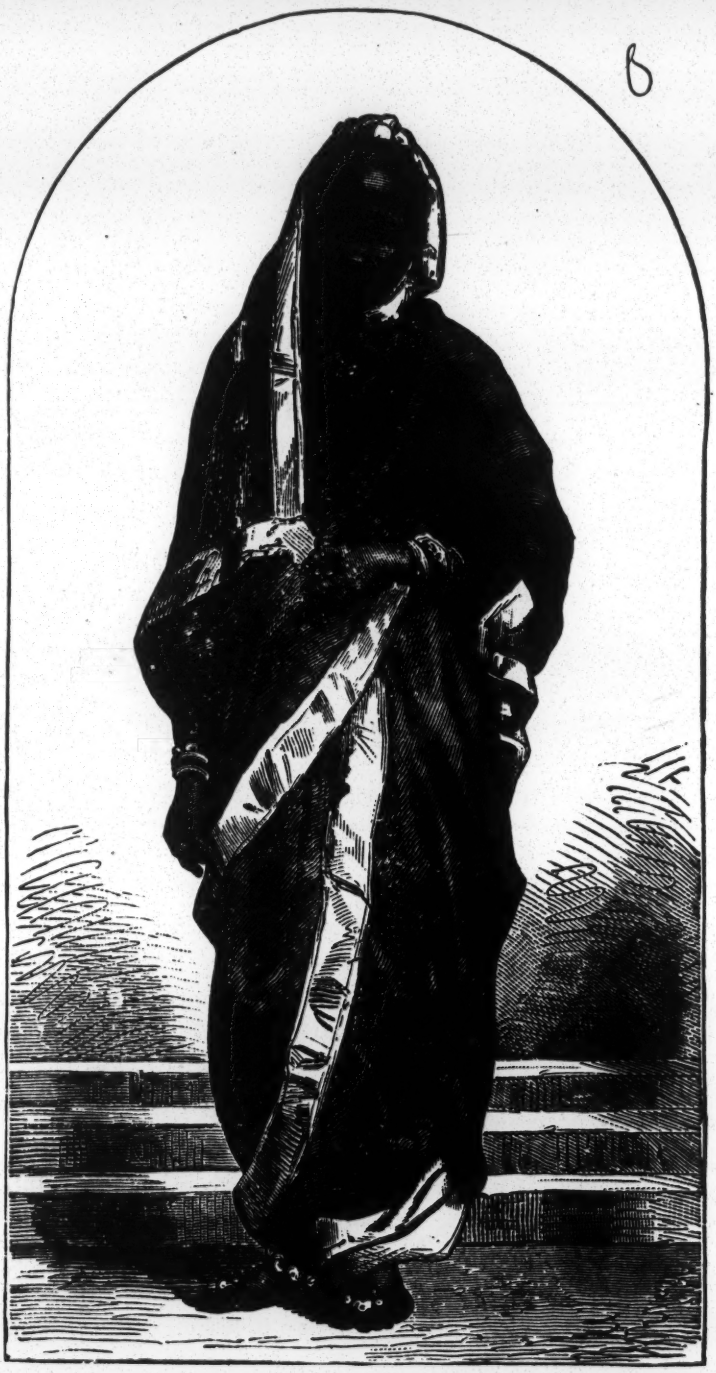
By MRS. D. R. GORDON, Gurdaspur, India.

THIS is a broad subject, and one on which much has been written; but having been requested to contribute something to the November number of the Women's Missionary Magazine, it somewhat naturally presented itself to my mind.

A few words might be said, first of all, with reference to the *physical* condition of women in India. The masses of the people are extremely poor, and it is estimated that 50,000,000 go to bed hungry every night. Under these circumstances it is not at all surprising that the physique of either men or women is not what it is in a land where all have plenty to eat. Still the food is wholesome and the physical condition of those who have enough to satisfy hunger is good. Indeed in the case of certain tribes the physical power of the women is remarkable. The Changars, (gypsies,) for example, are a sort of wandering tribe who make their living by daily labor. During wheat harvest they are much in demand. The wheat is all trodden out by oxen, and winnowed and cleaned by hand with large fans. The heat being great, the labor required to garner a harvest of wheat where such methods are used is very great and very difficult, and the Changar tribe, both men and women, are so strong that their services are in demand. People of this tribe are also frequently employed by the canal authorities in making new canals, and we have frequently seen both men and women digging and carrying the earth in baskets on their heads.

Rev. Aziz-Ul-Haqq relates an incident regarding the women of this tribe which occurred on the veranda of his home. One evening a number of these people while on a journey, being overtaken by a storm of rain, asked permission to shelter for the night on the veranda. During the night a little child was born to one of the women of the company. When morning dawned the company went its way, this mother carrying her own new born babe in a basket on her head.

Another tribe, very similar in their habits of life to the above named tribe, are famous as cattle thieves, and the women do the stealing for the tribe. They wear very full skirts, sometimes a single skirt having as many as 64 widths of cloth in it. One mem-



A HINDU WOMAN.

ber of the tribe engages the herdsman, or shepherd, as the case may be, in conversation. The woman selects a straggling sheep or calf and watching her opportunity, hides it under the folds of her voluminous skirt and carries it off. But the women of the wealthier classes are almost universally kept in seclusion by their husbands, and this makes their physical condition very different from the tribes spoken of above.

One thing deserves passing mention in this connection, and that is the dress of the women of India. They are very careful to follow the prevailing style, but that never changes, and is probably the same today that it was centuries ago! And it does not interfere with the health as is too often the case in more civilized countries. In this *one* particular—simplicity of dress—the women of America might do well to follow

the example of these heathen women to a certain extent.

But the *spiritual* condition of our sisters in India is of vastly greater importance than their physical condition. As was said before, the wives and daughters of the wealthier classes are almost universally kept in seclusion and have little or no contact with the outside world. Not even knowing how to read and write, they are unable to acquaint themselves by means of a newspaper or book with what is going on outside. Ignorance is the mother of superstition, and it follows naturally that women form the conservative element in the heathen masses, thus largely preventing the working and leavening of the truth. Moreover all idolatrous rites and ceremonies are practiced, preserved and perpetuated by the conservative element long after they have been abandoned by the more enlightened and better educated husbands, fathers and brothers. A notable instance of this came under our observation in Gurdaspur. A man by the name of Ganga Ram was one of the most prominent citizens of Gurdaspur. He was highly educated, having obtained the degree of M. A. from the Punjab University. He could speak English fluently and could read and appreciate any book in my husband's library. He was in many ways a most companionable man and came to see us occasionally. We would enjoy each others company and spend the time pleasantly conversing on the current topics of the day, and being a good tennis player, he and Mr. Gordon used some times to enjoy a game of tennis together. He was holding a very responsible position under the British government as Judge and received a large salary. He was so intelligent and enlightened that it was difficult to realize that he was a heathen, and so far as he was personally concerned, he vehemently repudiated idolatry. One day having occasion to go to the railroad station we met Ganga Ram there. Mr. Gordon asked him if he was going away on our train. He answered "No," but said he had come to see his wife and mother-in-law with their children off on the train to Joala Ji. This is a famous Hindu place of pilgrimage about 70 miles from the railroad, off among the foothills of the Himalayas mountains. It seemed incredible that a man of so much enlightenment should have his relatives make a pilgrimage of this nature. Joala Ji is a place infested with Hindu religious mendicants and priests, who practice all kinds of fraud on the unsuspecting and superstitious pilgrims and literally fleece them of their money, and live and grow fat on the proceeds of their deception. Yet here was a man with too much enlightment to make a pilgrimage to such a place himself, but permitting his family to do so.

This is by no means an exceptional case, but is growing to be more and more the usual thing. One day in our mission reading room in Gurdaspur a very high caste wealthy Hindu gentleman complained bitterly to the Native Christian catechist of the deplorably ignorant condition of their zenanas and said that Hindu society could not advance so long as the condition of the women remained what it was.

The truth of this is very apparent. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. Woman has always been an important factor in the society of every nation and every age, and her influence moulds the character of that society. It is not too much to say that the progress of Christian enlightenment and civilization in India will coincide with the progress of the women of the country, and for this reason one of the greatest enterprises to which our church can turn its energies is the education of the women and the girls in our mission fields.

Concerning Tourists In Mission Lands.

A Story With A Moral.

By Anstice Abbott, Bombay.

"NOW, I call this a bargain! Rupee a yard? Just think of it! It would be four times that, at least, at home.—Say, look here, rupee too much; twice too much."

"No, Madam Sahib; one rupee very cheap, dirt cheap, Madam Sahib. No give it for less."

"Oh yes; come now; throw off a half; throw off something."

"No, Madam Sahib. I only sell to big ladies. If you poor lady, Madam Sahib, you go to another shop. But you know of me, Madam Sahib, I never ask two price. My things are all very good. A No. 1."

"Oh well, cut it off. Don't cheat now in the length."

"Oh, Nell! Do come here. See this dear little god. Isn't he just cute! Say, Ma, I must have this, and do look at these funny spoons with snakes and queer things on them."

"They are gods, Miss. Pucca silve. That elephant god."

"Oh how funny! Do you worship them? Wouldn't it be funny to see anybody worship them, Nell?

"That makes me think, Maria, that we were going to hunt up the missions when we came here. We should go today."

"Well, really, I can't leave these bargains now. We can go tomorrow."

"Why no, we can't go tomorrow. We have promised to go to the Elephanta Caves, and what not."

"Yes, so we have. But really, I must do some more shopping."

"But we promised the society at home that we would look up the missions."

"Well then, Auntie, you go. You can do the goody for all of us."

"I do not think it very fair to send me alone. Why cannot you go with me, Nellie? Let Mary help her mother."

"Indeed, Nell cannot go, Auntie, for we have ever so many people to buy things for, and then, if we ever get through, we must rest before we go to the yacht club to tea this afternoon. You know those officers invited us to go with them."

"I am really sorry to have you go alone, Emma; but I cannot disappoint the girls. Now don't get all tired out. You remember the Parsi wedding tonight.

"I do not see how I am going to find my way there alone."

"Oh, I shouldn't be any help! Inquire at the Hotel.—

"Sixty rupees for this shawl? That's outrageous!"

"See, Madam Sahib, ring shawl! Sixty rupees very little prioe."

DINNER AT THE GREAT WESTERN HOTEL.

During a fusilade of bargains, dress, and yacht club, Auntie dared to break in by saying: "Maria1 Girls! Why do you not ask me what I have seen this afternoon? I cannot forgive myself for not making you all go with me.

"What was it?" "Tell us, Auntie." "Did you find your way?"

"Yes, I inquired of the hotel clerk for the American Mission, so he gave minute directions to the driver of the carriage. Otherwise I do not know what would have become of me. Just before we got to the place, the man turned around and evidently asked me something. My heart was in my mouth when I realized that I was at the man's mercy and could only helplessly shake my head. But he oniy smiled and in a moment more we drove into a big yard, compound, they call it, and up to a large house. You have missed the greatest sight, the driving through the native city. It was like driving through a highly scented kaleidoscope. I cannot begin to describe it to you."

"Why Emma, did you drive through those awful streets? They tell me that the plague

has broken out again in the city for the fifth time. What did you do it for? Are you safe, do you think? Are your clothes being fumigated?"

"I am all right. The clerk gave me a piece of camphor to hold up to my nose. He said the ladies all wanted it. But let me tell my story. There was a woman sitting sewing on the veranda, who got up gracefully and with a pretty smile held out a card receiver, and while she was gone into the house I looked about me.

"There was a fine-looking man sitting on a bench who looked for all the world just like the Swami we saw in Boston. He rose when I drove up and stood until I went into the house. The ladies told me he was a teacher in the high school; but he had all the air and appearance of a Swami, I assure you, turban and all. Two little heaps were huddled together near a post and I was quite startled when they turned around, for all I could see were great, black, pathetic eyes set in dark-skinned skulls. Miss——said they were widows in an utterly destitute condition. Their husbands had died of the plague, and everything was burned up in their rooms by the health inspectors. After they were let out of the segration camp, they sold the clothes and jewels they had on, and now, on the point of starvation, they had come to the mission house. I never saw so sad a sight; their eyes will haunt me a long time. Just in front of the carriage were three of the dearest little tots, holding each other's hands and kicking up the dust with their brown toes, as shy as shy could be, but giving me the cunningest smiles as they stole glances at me.

"I found the ladies very cordial and glad to show me and tell me all I wished. I was too late to see everything; but, dear me, how things do swim for them! I looked in on two schools of the dearest little Hindu girls, such pretty eyes as they had! They sang for me and recited Bible verses. Just think of it, those little heathen! There were six or seven more schools, they said, very like these, some for boys. I went into the school for Christian children, just before they were dismissed. I would never have believed it! Three hundred children, from primary babies to young men and women in the high school. They sang three or four times, sometimes in four parts, in English, and with the sweetest of voices. If it were not for the color of their skins and the manner of their dress I might have thought I was at home. Why, these people have a self-supporting church and a native pastor.

I have read, of course, of there being Christians in these lands; but I never realized it before. I always thought of missionaries as laboring here among poor wretches trying to make them Christians. But I must say I never expected to see the real article. And such fine specimens as some of them were. Why the teachers spoke English and were real gentlemanly. I am not as bad as Mrs. Cross was, though. Do you remember, Maria, when she came home somebody asked her if she had visited the missions and she said: 'No, I didn't. Some people on the steamer told me the missionaries warn't doing a bit of good, just eating their heads off, so I didn't go near them. And I guess it was true, for I couldn't see a Christian anywhere. One was as black as another, for all I could see.'"

There was a laugh, and "Maria" said: "Jane Cross was always a ninny. I cannot imagine how she ever thought of traveling over the world."

"Well, I went over the boys' boarding department and that of the girls. What a work for two people to look after! And in the orphanage they are taking in orphans just as fast as they can get money for them. I wish I could have gone out there."

Here pater familias was heard for the first time: "That's just it! Always begging for money, and when they can't think of anything else to ask for, it's for orphans."

"They have not got much out of you, Pa, have they?" asked Nell with a laugh.

"If they had, you would not have been here, Miss, I can tell you."

"But Samuel, the Bible says: 'Give, and it shall be given you', and I am sure if you had been with me today your hand would have gone down deep in your pockets. These children were saved from famine and

from the plague. I went to see the Widows Home, too. There were not only widows, but their babies saved from death and misery. Such misery as the ladies told me of! It's bad enough to read of, but much worse when you see the people themselves. Many of these were saved from the famine of '96. But some that were bones and skin two years ago are plump and happy now and seem so contented. Can you believe it, Samuel, more than one hundred thousand people have died of plague in this city alone, the past four years, and now it is beginning again for the fifth time. Just think of the widows and orphans! I wish I had known how bad it was, I would like to have had a hand in saving some of these women and children. Dear me! to think that women and children have died, and worse, when I could just as well have done something for them I really cannot eat any more dinner to think of it!"

"Well, you haven't eaten anything as it is, you have been talking all the time. And you don't expect to keep all the folks in the world from starving do you?"

"No, Samuel, but I would be glad if one of those happy women had been saved to Christ through my means, or any of those bright orphan children either."

"Well, Auntie, I hope you gave them something."

"I gave all I had with me and wished I had more."

"You might send them a check, you know," said Nell, mischievously; but there were tears in her eyes, and a new pity born in her heart.—*The Advance.*

A Group of Letters From India.

ANNAT ABBEY, MURREE,
JUNE 17, 1902.

DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME:—Away in the mountains, the Himalayas, for the summer! What picture does that call before your mind? Is it one of peaceful solitude on the mountain side, hearing now and again the twitter of a bird, the cawing of the crow and the cooing of the dove? That is a true picture, and yet not true. As I write it is quiet and peaceful. The birds are twittering a twitter, by the way, that never bursts into a song. The stillness is broken by the cry, "Boxwala, boxwala," and the inevitable *boxwala* has broken our peaceful quiet. These boxwalas are venders or peddlers who bring a box filled with pins, needles, letter papers, ink, etc. to the door. There are cloth-sellers too who bring rolls of muslin, India lawns vigella flannel, cashmere, lace, etc. A great deal of our shopping can thus be done from the veranda.

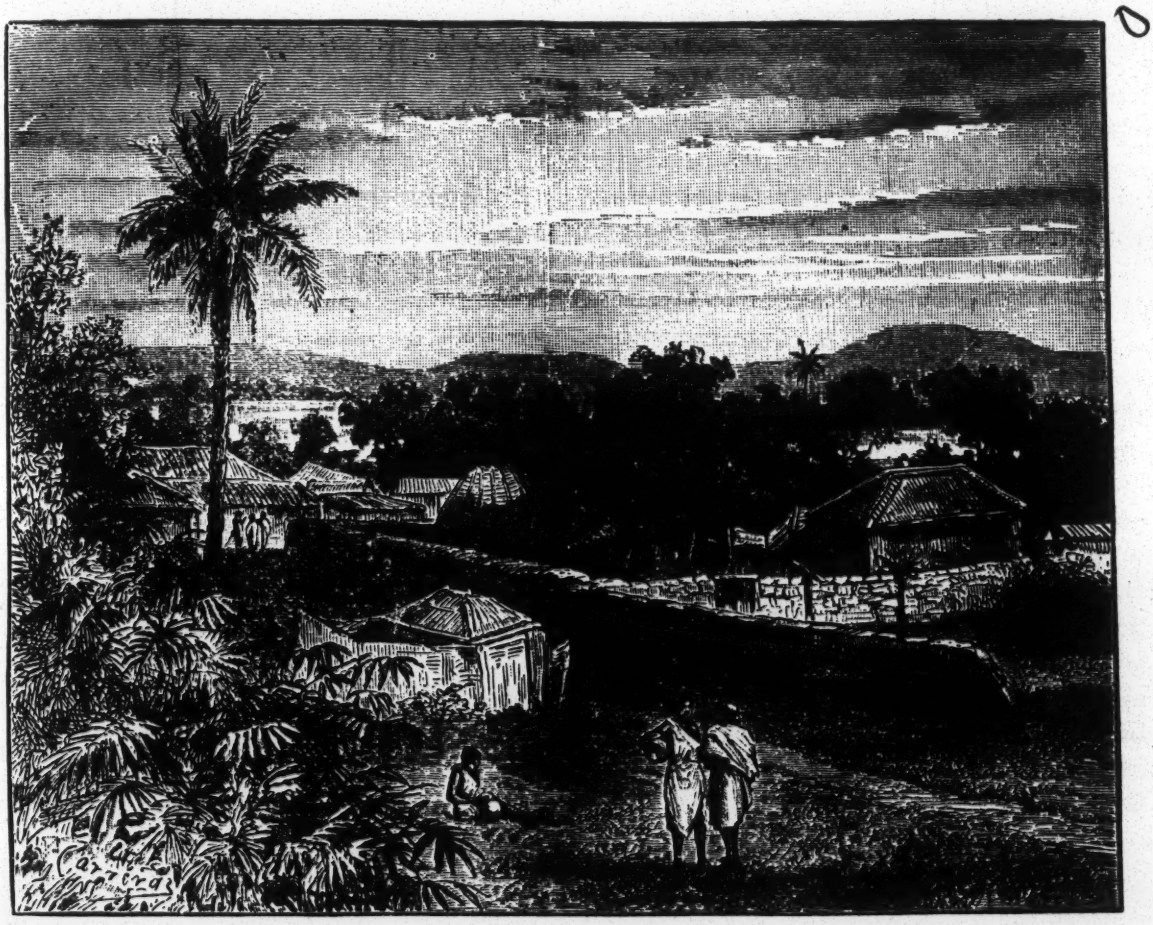
If you will come with me about 10 a. m. down the steep incline that leads to the road you will soon realize that we are not in a quiet country place at home. The road is smooth, made like the pikes of Ireland, I believe. We pass native men—many who look like beggars; some who move as if intent on business; others who seem to be gentlemen of leisure. In a few minutes we reach the Mall and here too we see native men and, what I once supposed were never seen on the street, native women with face uncovered. To be sure they wear the head-covering; but these are mostly Ayahs, and with them are the little ones for whom they are caring. We pass house after house, the Catholic church and the hospital for soldiers. Then comes the play ground for cricket, foot, ball races, etc., to our left. We pass the Scotch Presbyterian manse and kirk, and finally see a short distance ahead the church of England to the left and the stores of Murree to the right.

But we are more interested today in the streets that lie back of these shops. We take one leading to the right and go down, down, down, seeing things that make us wish for a chaddar with which to cover our faces. On down we go until in front of us we behold what we know from women sit-

ting outside wearing thin chaddars to be a very cess-pole of wickedness. We shudder as we think of the awfulness of the sin and thank God as we realize that His mercy has saved us. How thankful we are that it is soon out of sight.

Soon we reach the home of the little woman for whom your prayers were asked last summer. She has not been well for about two months, but this is the first opportunity that I have had to call upon her. She has changed greatly and looks quite ill although sitting up, evidently having been sewing. From other quarters women crowd in, and with the children soon fill the room. They ask about baby—want to know how big she is, whether she can talk, etc. I ask them about the progress they have made. "None," they answer, "We cannot read. How could we become more like God." But Giwan can read, and she, poor child (for she is no more than eighteen or nineteen) has been too ill to read much. We tell them again the old, old story of trusting God to lead His own to Himself through His words. We leave saddened, for there is little evidence that the word has taken root. Yet we sow in faith.

And now it is five o'clock. You may be tired, but you must see Murree between five and eight p. m. So tell the watchman to call some of those beggar-like men we saw in the Mall the other day. In a few minutes we hear a noise outside and see four men standing there beside a long boat-shaped thing called a *dandi*. "Are these," you say, "the beggar-like, half-naked men you called for?" They are all dressed alike, in cheap cloth to be sure, but they look decent." That transformation took place in the watchman's house, although they do not always consider a house necessary to work it in. After getting into the dandi, the men lift it and you probably scream; or



A VILLAGE IN INDIA.

if you don't you want to. No, we won't leave baby. I will put her in with you. The first people we meet will be eight or ten little Pathan boys, some about the same age and all looking so bright and well-dressed. They are sons of Aiyut Khan, the son of the one time ruler of Kabul and now state prisoner of the British.

As we reach the Mall you are astonished at the transformation. "Can this be the Murree we saw the other day at 10 a. m.?" English ladies in elegant costumes riding in jin-rikshas or dandies, or perhaps walking or riding, crowd the street. We reach the shops and enter more to see the people than anything else. It is a native shop. The goods are in great disorder, piled here and there on floor and counter, yet they do a great business. Here we see leaders of all stations in life from the highest to the lowest. But we stop a minute to listen. Surely we heard music. We hurry out in order to hear better. Oh! how we enjoy it, for it is real music by an English band. It makes us just a bit homesick too.

But now "God Save the King" is played and we turned to go home. As we mingle with the crowd we see, even in the midst of the brightness, sad faces, and our hearts go back especially to that day when we visited the women who live back in the bazar, and we wonder how many know of their barren, sorrowful lives, shut up in their little homes, so near and yet seemingly so far.

It is after nine o'clock. The baby has been put to sleep an hour ago. We glance out into the night and the moonlight and stars woo us out of doors. In front of us is a little ravine banked by hills where here and there lights gleam out of the darkness, and back of it all the mountains rise, grand in their sharp outlines. We look at the bright twinkling of the stars and the soft radiance of the moon and we think of home. Yet with the sadness there is a deep joy, for God is very near. Silent we stand breathing in spiritual strength and then slowly turn back to the duties awaiting us.

ALICE MCCLURE.

GURDASPUR, INDIA,
MONDAY, JULY 14, '02.

DEAR MAGAZINE:—Your coming is always hailed with delight, and the first read of our home papers. We wonder if those bright cheery letters from Egypt, the sunny South and the Far West, are ground out with as much difficulty as ours from the Orient. We have taken "a day off" because the former week was so full we could not make any extra time. Saturday, which we usually take with the expectation of a half day, was very full—helping with the semi-yearly Sabbath school examination and teaching the beggars and some Christians who came in, some for the examination and others for our quarterly communion. On the 3d we had a half day off because of the rain and drafted you a rough copy of what we wanted to tell you; but now "the beautiful rain" of which we wanted to tell you is quite forgotten in the return meanwhile of the stifling heat. The doors and windows are again closed during the day, and we have quite forgotten how refreshing it seems to sit on the veranda and watch "the ducklings" form on the pools of water and look at the clean fresh trees and grass.

One thing gives us joy to record: that the plague has almost disappeared from our district since the heat began in June, and for this we are truly thankful. In only one of our Christian villages have we heard of its appearance this month when one Hindu and one Mohammedan died. The papers state that in Bombay, where it has raged for six years, it has almost disappeared, we hope, to stay. It is difficult to tell yet whether we will have the usual amount of rain or not, but much has already fallen in most of our mission area, and the farmers are plowing and sowing in great hope of a good harvest. The plague has aroused a spirit of inquiry in many hearts, while others, as if more bitter against God, show more open hostility. One day at the village of Barnala we found the Christians all in the harvest field gathering the sparse grain; so we went to their bigoted Mohammedan neighbors to witness for Christ.

Some ten or twelve men and women gathered around us at the first place and all listened with respect for a good while. Then two men began to cavil and shortly after got up and left. In the second place the women were quite nervous about listening because some men were peeping over the wall at them, but they waited for the singing, and we directed our instruction mostly to the children.

A few days ago we went again and learned that the chief man and his wife and some twelve others had in the meantime been carried off by the plague. We visited the aged mother to express our sorrow and to try to lead her to the source of comfort and asked to call on a wealthy Hindu family who were in great fear of the plague and who made their roof their dwelling place for several months, but were not admitted. A humble family and some neighbors listened respectfully. At a beggar's hostel on our return we had some interested hearers. Two women asked concerning Jesus, "Can He really save sinners and did He really say, 'I give my life a ransom for many?'" After reading them part of the account of His death and resurrection, a man said, "That was a blessed age; no one sees such times now." I quoted, "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet believe."

In Hamrajpur a Mohammedan woman asked, "Why do the English not die of the plague?" I replied, "Perhaps it is because they and our native Christians are living nearer to God than others and have God's promised keeping vouchsafed in the 91st Psalm," which I quoted. She seemed much impressed and replied, "Yes, that must be the reason."

In the small village of Bariar, about one and a half miles from Gurdaspur, the people are so interested in the Gospel that it takes us three days to go around the village and call on all the houses where we are welcomed. Several followed us from place to place. An old woman heard the word gladly in three places. A few copies of the Gospel had been given by request here and another man asked where they can be obtained.

In a small suburban village called Rotli, having the name of "an evil lot," we have some very interesting work. Several officers and pensioned soldiers live there. Their wives have traveled some, have a good deal of leisure, and some of them can read, knit, sew and embroider. In one of these houses the husband, who knows English, asked for an English Bible, and speaking of his wife said, "She can read but she is not intelligent. I want you to teach her Urdu and English." She already reads two characters well. In this same village a Hindoo woman called me to prescribe something for her sick husband. He had a burning fever and seemed a mass of skin and bones. He raised himself off his charpai partially and in adoration and supplication touched his hand to his forehead, then to my feet several times. He then said, "The Brahmins have been doctoring me, but it has done me no good. Cure me and I will sacrifice a goat or do anything you tell me." I replied, "God alone can make you well but we must use the means and ask God's blessing on them. You must promise to leave off your worship of idols and Brahmins and serve Him alone if He cures you." To this he assented. The next time I visited him, the medicine, with God's blessing, had wrought a great change and before I was aware he was off his bed and literally worshiping my feet. As soon as possible he was stopped, and told he must only worship God. His fever was almost gone, and he asked piteously, "Will I really get well?" We gave him what encouragement we could. A few days after we found him at work and apparently well, and asked him to sit down at our feet and listen to God's message of love. Then reminding him of his solemn promise, we explained to him and his wife and a few others who gathered God's simple plan of salvation and asked them to accept it.

In the city we find many sad hearts because of recent bereavements and have a few interesting pupils who are visited weekly by ourselves and Bible woman.

Since Rev. Gordon's left us we have had a lonely time in our station, but we are

thankful for good health and strength for daily duties. We are cheered by the prospect of the return of several missionaries and the hope of several new ones. And now if the church will kindly wipe out that heavy debt resting on our Board, and cease worrying us with the word "retrench," we will be a happy lot of missionaries. With best wishes for the Magazine and all its readers,

Very sincerely,
CYNTHIA E. WILSON.

LYALLPUR, INDIA,
——— '02.

The great difference in time between the homeland and India makes me wonder when writing to you if the things we speak of will seem the same to us when we see them in print. One's ideas concerning surroundings change very rapidly out here, I find. Very much of what at first seemed quite unreal now seems perfectly natural. I remember distinctly of wondering at home why the missionaries told us so little of what was around them, and one of the friends charged me when I left, "Now do tell us the things we want to know about that country." But now that I am here I wonder what could it have been they wanted to know.

Yesterday we took a long walk out from Jhelum to a village called Kala; the name means "black," and if one is to judge from its reputation it is deserving of its name. The inhabitants almost universally refuse to listen to the gospel and resent the approach of foreigners.

The road we took is the Grand Trunk Road from Calcutta to Peshawe—the same Kipling describes in "Kim." We were interested in watching the coolies repairing it in one place. Broken stone had been carefully laid by hand over a foundation of "kankar"—rough clay, then earth thrown over it and the whole dampened. Immediately an immense iron roller drawn by twelve oxen was rolled over it. It dries quickly and makes a splendid, durable road.

In every direction were little mud-walled villages. Passing close by one, we were spied by a woman, who at once roused the whole village, and from gates and doors the people came crowding out to watch us. They laughed and seemed to enjoy it, else their numbers might have caused us some apprehension. At this place we struck off through the wheat fields that we might come home another way. The little footpaths leading every whither through the fields are very convenient. The wheat is heading though scarce more than a foot high in places. It was here in the field I found the largest ant colony I have ever seen; the ground seemed literally alive with the busy black insects.

Whatever road we take we find at varying distances little musjids—Mohammedan prayer-houses, usually built of brick. Their own houses are made of sun-burned cakes of clay set slantwise, the whole being mud-plastered on the outside. One never goes anywhere here without meeting crowds of people. At the side of the road in one place two boys were having a regular battle and as we came near one succeeded in getting the other down and then promptly sat upon him. One was crying vigorously, and we concluded he needed help, but on coming up to them we found it was the one *on top* who was doing the crying. Both at once rose quietly and meek-looking upon seeing us.

A little further on we came to the Mohammedan burying-ground in a dense grove, the graves so thick that the stone piles marking each overlap each other in places, all with the same slant, for a Mohammedan is buried on his side with his face toward Mecca. Just at the edge of the cemetery were two newly built houses of thatch, lately provided for the housing of plague suspects—a sort of quarantine building. There was to me a gruesome suggestion in placing them at the very threshold of a graveyard.

Coming toward it, Jhelum City made a very pretty picture, built as it is on the river bank and thickly surrounded by trees mostly shesham, above which tower a few

tall pines. The evenings are very quiet. Only a few carriages are to be seen, for there are few English residents, the soldiers stationed here being natives.

This month is a very delightful one. The trees are in full leaf and flowers luxuriant. It will not be long until all will be withered from the heat.

EDITH J. MORTON.

MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, SIALKOT,
JULY 10TH, 1902.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Have you ever before had a missionary six months in the field and not a line to either Magazine or paper? If not put me down at the head of the list. Some might wonder why and feel that if interested in the work I should endeavor to write.

There are times when one becomes so absolutely occupied as to have no time for letters. Such has been my case. Dr. Platter left for America the last of December. I arrived the seventh of February. Dr. Platter's head assistant had resigned, her resignation to take place the 15th of February, leaving me with two partially trained girls, yet in their teens, to carry on the work.

The words of Sheridan's Ride would in a sense apply here: "What was done, what to do, a glance told both, but how to do it was another question." I must have a hospital assistant and Bible teacher, and after stopping two or three days to acquaint myself with the situation, I hastened on to Jhelum and Rawal Pindi. At the former I employed a nurse, but at the latter none could be found.

The day following my return Dr. Platter's assistant, who had been indisposed, developed a fine crop of measles, and after her recovery her two children did the same. so that their stay continued till the first of April. But she was of little help under the circumstances. By March 16th my new assistant came, but the work was new to her and being a foreigner it was hard for her to adapt herself to the natives.

Fortunately for me the work was comparatively light for the first two months, owing to the plague in the city and many fleeing to the villages for safety. The indoor department was practically closed, as I felt obliged to refuse all suspicious cases lest I should have my hospital infected, though I saw some in their homes. The shock I had passed through on leaving home, change of climate and the work and worry of the hospital, for a time bade fair to prove too much for me and it seemed as though an immediate break was inevitable. But as time went on my strength returned, and I have passed so far through the most trying season on an average with the others. If I ever had a doubt of these people's ability to appreciate and love, every one has been dispelled. The warm hearty welcome they have given me went far to dispel the sadness which hung over me. As soon as it was known that I had returned my old patients poured in on every side. Those who had moved from Sialkot came back to see me and many stayed for indoor treatment. It has been a marvel to me the way they have cherished my memory the last eight years. Gratitude is pleasant, but it is sometimes a little annoying if an indoor patient insists on subjecting you to a Punjabi embrace every time you enter the indoor department.

Notwithstanding all the hindrances to the work the outdoor department has kept pace with that of former years, and the indoor up to date has registered 143 patients, only thirty less than the largest number ever before received in the full year, and that they are all willing to remain until I consider them able to leave is a marvel. "We are happy to stay with you," they often say.

A few days ago two women who had been indoor patients when I was here before walked ten miles just to look once more on my face, they said. No medicine was asked for. One of them told me, "You were sick in bed and I went to your room and you cut away my disease." From her story she was one of the unmanageable cases who stole, unknown to my helper, to my room and obliged me to prescribe or operate propped up in my bed in preference to calling in a

police. This seems to have been a case of ascites, from whom I drew the water off.

Much has been written in reference to our loss in the death of Dr. Sophie E Johnson, of Jhelum. Some have written of her life, and it would be superfluous for me to add. But this can again be repeated: that a hospital is left without a head and is calling for some good qualified doctor full of the Spirit of Christ to come and take up the work. Come, professional sister, don't count the sacrifice in dollars and cents. There is a joy in this work that practice at home, however lucrative, can not in any way compare. I have tasted it from both standpoints. You will have a well arranged and well planned hospital and a comfortable home. Dr. Johnson's executive abilities and foresightness made ample provisions. The work is open and you can have the joy of reaping the harvest We will welcome you gladly to our midst and help and encourage you on your way. Come, not in your own strength, or to do your own will, but in the strength of Him who has sent us to heal the sick and preach the gospel. Don't let it be said of you, "I was sick and ye visited me not." Bodies are perishing and every body has an immortal soul. Come and endeavor by love and labor to save that soul from hell.

Your sister in Christ,

MARIA WHITE.

The Outposts of New Empire.

BY REV. J. O. ASHENHURST.

THE excursion to Alaska which followed the Tacoma convention furnishes themes for the pen, but even the "pen of a ready writer" could scarcely be reckless enough to attempt a description of the beauties of land and sea displayed before the wondering eyes of the passengers who sailed from Seattle to Muir Glacier and Skagway.

It is not the purpose of the present article to give an account of the beautiful journey by way of the inland passage among the islands that skirt our western coast.

The timbered mountains and snow capped peaks and wooded islands present a continuous scene of wonder and beauty. The icebergs and totem poles and glaciers and gold mines are tempting themes; yet these are but parts of a broader theme. To have seen these is a great privilege; but many of us value the brief visit to Alaska chiefly because it has given us a glimpse of the outposts of new empire, not only for our country but for the kingdom of God.

One thing we have learned. We have seen very little, a mere glimpse, of the great territory, but we have seen enough to divest our minds of the narrow notion of great statesmen, as well as the common people, that Alaska is nothing more than a lump of ice with gold in spots. It is in fact a land of great and varied resources. Dr, Sheldon Jackson, Dr. S. Hall Young, Gov. Brady and government farmers who have been sent to the territory agree in the faith that two or three great agricultural states will yet be carved out of the interior plateau, which stretches for 600 miles east and west with about 400 miles of width.

Dr. Young says that there is as great a variety of climate in Alaska as there is in the body of the United States. He says that the soil is often a rich black loam and will produce as good wheat, oats. rye, barley, potatoes, turnips, cabbage strawberries and raspberries as are grown in any part of the United States. He says: "I have waded for miles through sweet grasses red top and timothy, buffalo grass and others, almost as high as my waist. On about an acre of ground, at the headwaters of Forty Mile Creek, I picked sixty-two varieties of flowers blooming at one time."

The United States bought this vast coun-

try from Russia in 1867 for less than half a cent an acre. The royalty on the fur seals has more than twice paid the purchase money, and this is only a small part of the income of this yet undeveloped country. The total out put of gold for 1901 was $25,000,000. More than half the salmon canned in the world is put up in Alaska.

In the cruise of the Garonne we were permitted to see a little of south-eastern Alaska. This is only the handle of the dipper. People who live in western Alaska would scarcely call our visit to Sitka and Skagway "going to Alaska." At Skagway, 1000 miles from Seattle, we were not half way to Nome

In this country of vast extent and resources we have enjoyed the privilege of a brief visit to some of the outposts of new empire for the Kingdom of Heaven, and have had the pleasure of meeting some of the earnest workers for the Kingdom. The Presbyterian church has been the pioneer in the work of evangelizing the mining camps and in bringing the gospel to the native population. The first landing made was at Katchikan. It was a brief visit and we did not see any of the mission work. But at Sitka we had time to visit the mission buildings and to meet with some of the missionaries.

This mission was established in 1878. It has a boys' and girls' boarding schools with an industrial department. The mission work in Alaska is not complicated by the relations of the government to the native population. The Indians are not placed on reservations, have no agent, and consequently there is no limitation to mission work. There is a settlement of the graduates of the school near the mission which affords a means of keeping the pupils away from the degrading influences of their old life. The influence of this school is felt throughout the country and has done very much to transform native life and customs.

When our steamer anchored in the harbor of Sitka Rev. Bannerman came on board representing the Christian Endeavor ociety and the Presbyterian congregation of Sitka and invited the members of the Christian Union to a reception at the governor's house given by Mrs. Brady, the wife of the governor and president of the Christian Endeavor Society. Mrs. Brady was formerly a United Presbyterian from Pennsylvania; so that her kind welcome gave unusual pleasure to us all.

At Skagway a reception by the Christian Endeavor was also given. Notwithstanding the rain and the excursion to White Pass a good number of the members of the C. U. were at the Presbyterian church in the afternoon. Rev. Harrison, an earnest and consecrated young man, a graduate of Princeton, is in charge of the work here, and with his wife is carrying on an effectual work. The congregation (white) was organized three years ago and is now self supporting.

In all the mining camps the members of this church are scattered. Mr. Harrison remarked that he preaches to a procession rather than to a congregation. Yet the results are no doubt permanent and wide spread and effectual to the establishment of the Kingdom throughout Alaska.

Other points are occupied by the mission far beyond those to which our excursion extended. At Juneau we had a talk with Mr Moore, a native worker in the Indian congregation. Mr. Moore is an Indian, or native Alaskan, who was educated partly in Indian schools and partly in the East. He reports conditions very hopeful among the native people. The Alaskans have some strong elements of character, and even the vice and evil of the white man is ignored by them to a large extent. They are making rapid progress toward civilization of the Christian type.

We are thankful to have seen some of the outposts of this new empire and trust that this hurried note of some of the features of the work in Alaska will be helpful to others.

Editorial.

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea!
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all—who givest all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all—who givest all!

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all—who givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to Thee, O Lord! be given.
Who givest all—who givest all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasures without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all—who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all—who givest all.

—CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

Easy indeed it is to be thankful to God "when skies are sweet as a psalm;" but the true test of gratitude is when we can praise Him in the fires of affliction. Then, truly is faith necessary. The ministry of suffering is not altogether mysterious, and even in our brief lives, we may be allowed to see the beneficent result of some heavy trials, and may feel impelled to thank the Lord of Love both for what He has imposed and for what He has denied. From such experience the soul learns to trust that all is well-ordered also in those cases where our dim vision cannot see that mercy is concealed under chastisement.

Many of our readers, in looking back to last Thanksgiving day, must feel a poignant loneliness as they think of those who are not, because God has taken them. Our Heavenly Father does not require that we be callous or indifferent under the strokes of His hand; but is patient with the submissive tears of those who mourn. He Himself will comfort them. And one consideration by which He seeks to assuage our sorrow is the assurance which He grants that all is well with those departed ones who were His own redeemed. We may be in gloom, but for them shines the radiance of that land where the Lamb is the Light. Weariness and pain are our lot; they know neither fatigue nor illness nor sorrow. For us, there still must come the last mysterious agony when the soul goes forth alone upon its journey: they have passed through the gate of death and, thanks be to God, have gained the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us, therefore, make our calling and election sure, so that when we ourselves shall depart, our surviving friends may not sorrow as those who have no hope, but may possess reasonable ground for assurance that we have passed from death unto life.

In the rejoicings of this thankful time we should not be forgetful of those who need our gifts, our prayers, our love. In our concern for those who have passed through great sorrow, let us not be unmindful of such as stand, whether ignorantly or consciously, in the shadow of an imminent grief. When a blow has fallen, we have at least the melancholy satisfaction of knowing the worst. Only those who have endured a season of prolonged dread, know how terrible a condition is that of suspense. For all such sorely tried hearts, we make supplication, and for those also upon whom unwitting of coming disaster, trial is soon to fall.

There is scarcely a number of our Magazine issued in which it is not our mournful duty to tender sympathy to some sorrowing soul. This month we must chronicle the death of Mrs. Catharine Moore, mother of Miss Henrietta Moore, of our India mission. We deplore this sorrow which has come to

the heart of a faithful missionary. Our God has said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

The Magazine feels always a species of remorse when it calls upon our missionaries, either home or foreign, for contributions to its pages. If they are actually at work upon the field, their lives are so busy contending with the great need of destitute souls, and their moments of leisure so few, that we shrink from encroaching upon the time and strength of these overworked friends Should they, however, be enjoying their furloughs or their meagre vacations, we feel scarcely less reluctant to make demands upon them when we realize that such months or days should be spent in repose, not in writing articles nor in making speeches. And yet, what can we do? If the people in general are not taught, the whole work of missions will, humanly speaking, collapse. And who can be so capable to instruct as those who have actually been upon the scene of effort, and who know best what should be presented? We appreciate the kindness of those friends who help us, and we say to them a hearty "Thank you." It is the desire of this Magazine to bring its readers as much as possible into mental contact with those who, by the church's appointment, are doing its work in all departments of our missionary effort.

Mrs. Gordon's article this month should make us feel more keenly than ever the duty we owe to the poor women in India; while Mrs. Lytle, with her customary good sense, brings forward some practical thoughts. We are glad to have such an excellent group of letters from India for insertion in this number. From "Lights and Shadows," we get a clear view of actual conditions—information very much needed.

Our Magazine is not directly concerned with what is ordinarily termed educational work; yet, as women must ever have a vital interest and a real influence in the training of the young, we feel that the following clipping will not be out of place in our columns.

Everyone knows that, humanly speaking, the very perpetuity of the church depends upon the small, denominational college, says Rev. C. G. Mi'ler in the Herald and Presbyter. From these, and almost nowhere else, lead the paths to the ministry. Here are some up-to-date figures, so common they have ceased to startle. They are 54 colleges, and the remaining 19 undenominational and state institutions. Among these the compiler finds 77 per cent. of the seniors in Congregational colleges are Christians, 82 per cent. in Presbyterian colleges, 68 per cent. in Baptist colleges, 72 per cent. in Methodist colleges, 73 per cent. in other church colleges, 62 per cent. in the undenominational, and 47 per cent. in the state institutions. Of the seniors he found 12 per cent. studying for the ministry in Congregational colleges, 20 in Presbyterian, 29 in Baptist, 24 in Methodist, 20 in other church colleges, 8 in undenominational, and 2 in state institutions. But these statistics are simply overwhelming in their abundance and appalling in their story! What tremendous emphasis they put upon the importance and actual need of our denominational schools if the religious life and gospel ministry are to be maintained.

At the World's Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893, quite an impression was created by Swami Vivekananda, a Hindu who had been educated in a Christian missionary college, and who endeavored to combine in his belief elements of both Christian and Hindu doctrines. He has gone now where no compromise can be possible, having died last July in Calcutta.

AN ICELANDIC TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

A temperance crusade conducted on methods quite like those of the original American crusade is reported from Reykjavik, the principal city of Iceland. The first modern bar in the town was established in the fall of 1901. It was determined by the temperance people of the city to picket the front of the place. Thirty volunteers, including three ordained ministers, went on watch, and stationed themselves at at the door of the saloon from four o'clock until twelve, exhorting all who approached the place not to enter. The owner of the bar thereupon had one of the company arrested and began prosecution for interference with his business. The case is now before the courts of Iceland, and the decision upon the legal right of temperance people to conduct such a campaign will be awaited with interest by the whole world.—*The Interior.*

As an evidence of the altruistic effect of Christianity, it is valuable to observe that the native converts of Epi, one of the New Hebrides group, sent the sum of $71.70 to Shanghai for the advancement of the cause of missions. Less than a quarter of a century ago the inhabitants of this island were cannibals.

It is stated that Mr. Wanamaker in giving some report of his impressions of a recent visit to India, speaks most warmly in favor of the work of Christianity in that land. He says: "In all my life I never saw such opportunity for investment of money that any one sets apart to give to the Christ who gave Himself for us. As I looked at little churches, schools, and hospitals and inquired the original cost of buildings and expense of administration, I felt a lump of regret in my heart that I had not been wise enough to make these investments myself. Yet there are others left. I appropriated some that you cannot have, and wished a hundred times I had known twenty-five years ago what I learned a half year ago; but I can take you to many as good, if you will."

Miss Caughey desires us to state that she will be able to supply orders for Lux Christi at the rate of fifty cents (cloth-binding) and thirty cents (paper-binding) per volume; pictures (twenty-four in a set) at twenty cents a set; program leaflets, two cents each, ten cents a dozen. These last named contain outlines of study somewhat more fully developed and more practical in character than those given in Lux Christi itself. The Missionary Map of India, Miss Caughey finds herself unable to handle. It may, however, be obtained from Miss Clementina Butler, Newton Centre, Massachusetts. Its price is twenty-five cents.

Important Notice.

Will all persons ordering leaflets please send the money with the order if possible? When you do send, promising to remit at once, please do not forget it. Often it is only ten cents; but if fifteen forget, as they did last month, you see the outcome.

ELIZABETH CAUGHEY.

A Live Society.

The Northwood, Ohio, society numbers only 12 members, yet they have contributed in money and goods to the amount of $91 during the past year, $18 of which was for Foreign missions. They sent out two barrels, one to the Freedmen at Norfolk and the other to the Orphans and Aged People's homes. They also pieced and knotted two comforts for the Orphan's Home. The most encouraging part of their work was the interest the young people and children took in missions. Our Thank-offering the previous year was $43. Their contributions the past year exceeded any previously made.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. S. A. ROGERS, Sec.

An Echo from the Convention.

"To be interested in missions one *mvst read* and *know*." Thus writes Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter in our September Magazine, and those who have read the reports from the convention of our Women's General Missionary Society will surely have a deeper interest in the work.

We, of the Northwest, are especially favored this year in having the good things of the convention presented to us by one who enjoyed the feast. It was my privilege, Sept. 24, to visit the hospitable home of Dr. W. A. and Mrs. Spalding in Seattle. A special missionary meeting had been planned for that date, and a large company of earnest women gathered there to enjoy Mrs. Spalding's report. It was given in a bright, interesting manner, and brought us face to face with the work of our church, and our responsibility for the doing of it.

After the programme light refreshments were served by the ladies of the Seattle society, and a pleasant social hour enjoyed. Our Tacoma society has invited Mrs. Spalding to give her report in our church, Oct. 24. A large attendance is expected.

MARGARET J. STEWART.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 29, '02.

Helps for Missionary Workers.

The leaflet committee would call your attention to the following leaflets:

"Two Ways of Doing it," (2 cts each; 20c a dozen) a leaflet that will be especially helpful to society presidents.

"Why our Society did not Disband." (2c each; 20c a dozen). Are the members of your society discouraged and about to give up? This will help them. Try it.

"How to Kill a Missionary Society" (1c each; 10c a dozen.) This will help each member of the society to do her duty better.

"Her Son" (5c each; 30c a dozen). Have you those in your midst who have no interest in the spread of the gospel in our Great West or the saving of our sons who have gone thither to carve fortunes for themselves? This story founded on facts put into their hands may win them for the cause.

"The Christ Visitor" (1c each; 5c a dozen). This is the story of how one of God's professed children was made to see his duty of giving to the causes which are His. It may help you.

"Her Offering" (1c each; 10c a dozen). A story of two women and their Thank-offering and what came of it.

"Will you Lead in Prayer?" If pnt in the hands of each woman in your society, many more would join the praying band and the work be greatly sdvanced.

These all can be secured at the price quoted from your Presbyterial Literature secretary or Miss Elizabeth Caughey, Otto, Pa.

ELIZABETH SCHWARBERG,
Member of Leaflet Committee.

Sailed.

We give the names and destination of the large missionary party who sailed from New York, October 18, on the Columbia, by way of Glasgow:

Miss Anna M. Hamilton, Blairsville, Pa., Miss Emma M. Minger, Rushviile, Ind.; Miss Lillian O. McConnell, Turtle Creek, all to India. Rev. J. Howard Boyd and wife, Mount Lebanon, Pa.; Miss Myra L. Boyd, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.; Miss Alice B. Underwood, Miss Marion A. Paden, Bellevue; Miss Zella W Mitchell, New Wilmington, Pa., all to Egypt. Dr. S. P. Simpson, a medical missionary to India; Rev. W. M. McKelvey and wife, Monmouth, Ill., to India, and the three following, who will return to the mission field: Miss Mary A. Lawrence, Cambridge, O.; Miss Rosa A. McCullough, Greenwood, Miss., and Miss Ella M. Gordon, Patterson, N. Y., all to India.

Miss Lillian McConnell and Mr. Boyd will be supported by the women and the men, respectively, of the Shadyside church, Pittsburgh. A farewell reception to these fourteen young men and women was held at the Shadyside United Presbyterian church, Oct. 9. Nearly 1,000 persons were in attendance. Eight of the fourteen volunteers were present at the reception, and they were besieged by friends and relatives who wished them success in their new undertaking.

Among these names will be found the name of the physician whom the Board of Foreign Missions and the Women's Board of the United Presbyterian church have selected to succeed the lamented Dr. Sophie E. Johnson, as physician for the Good Samaritan hospital, Jhelum, India—Miss J. Phandora Simpson, of New Castle, Pa. Dr. Simpson has had several years' practice in New Castle, and is said to be a most efficient young woman.

Dr. Joseph F. Griggs, of Pittsburg, who is to assume charge of the Presbyterian hospital at Pekin, China, left for Seattle, Wash., with his wife October 9. They will sail from there to their newly chosen field in the Celestial kingdom.

Juniors' Missionary Magazine.

The recommendation of the Xenia Convention to enlarge the Juniors' Missionary Magazine will be carried out and the Magazine will be enlarged to twelve pages instead of eight, beginning with the January number.

The Board decided to continue the club subscription at the same low price. Ten

cents a year in clubs of ten or more. The single subscription will be advanced to twenty-five cents a year. It will be readily seen that the only way in which the Magazine can be made self sustaining is by a very large increase in the number of subscribers. We believe this will be better adapted to the older Juniors and Junior members of the Sabbath-school.

The increase in the subscription list will largely determine the price for another year. If only the 16,000 Juniors, reported in the church, were subscribers the financial success of the Magazine would be assured. We have not yet reached one half that number. Now is the time to subscribe as all new subscribers will receive the November and December numbers in addition to the year's subscription. Set the children to work and the subscriptions will come.

Address, MRS. N. WYLIE STEVENSON, Business Manager, 2500 Perrysville Ave., Allegheny, Pa.

Program for December.

DECEMBER—INDIA.

1. Give a list of our missionaries in India at present. State, if possible, the date of their entrance upon the work and their special location.
2. How may the home church best show its interest in foreign missions?
3. The Native Christians in India.
4. Sketch of Hannah Marshman.
5. The need of Christian literature in India.

At roll-call, respond with instances of the benefit India has received from Christianity. M. H. W.

Outlined Programs for 1903.

From these, the auxiliary societies may select such topics as best suit their abilities, tastes and needs.

JANUARY—THE DIM CENTURIES IN INDIA.

1. The Aryans and the Native Tribes of India.
2. The Rig-veda.
3. Contrast between Judaism and Hinduism.
4. The River and Mountains of India.
5. Pantheism and Polytheism.
6. The Great Epics of India. Comparison of these with the Iliad and the Nibelungenlied.
7. The Weakness and Strength of Buddhism.
8. What Influences have led to the Decadence of the Hindu People.
9. Hindu Symbols, Gods and Images.
10. Caste, the Supremacy of the Brahmans, and the Transmigration of the Soul, the Cardinal Points of Hinduism.
11. The Hindu Triad: Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, with the Incarnations of Vishnu.
12. Buddhist and Jain Architecture.

FEBRUARY—HOME MISSIONS; MINISTERIAL RELIEF; CHURCH EXTENSION; PARSONAGE WORK.

1. Why Should we Support Home Missions?
2. How is the W. G. M. S. helping this Important Cause?
3. The Qualifications of an Efficient Home Missionary.
4. Home Missions as a National and Denominational Safeguard.
5. Importance of Early Entrance upon Newly Opened Fields
6. The Claims of the Aged Minister.
7. Description of the Work of Ministerial Relief.
8. The Meaning of Church Extension.
9. What are the Methods Employed in Parsonage Work and to what Extent had this Branch Advanced in the last Reported Year?
10. The Effort our Church is Making to Evangelize the Italians and Poles in America.
11. The Value of the City Missionary.
12. The Necessity and Propriety of Educating the Young to Take an Intelligent Interest in Mission Work.
13. Give a list of the Parsonages Built by the W. M. G. S.

MARCH—INDIA'S INVADERS.

1. Comparison between Buddhism and Christianity (Asoka and Constantine.)
2. The Parsis in India.
3. Islam, the Ideal and the Real.
4. Good and Evil Results of the Mohammedan Conquest. Famous Men and Women.
5. Comparison between the Reigns of Akbar the Great and Elizabeth of England.
6. Agra and the Taj Mahal; the Mughals as Builders.
7. Delbi, the Rome of India.
8. Christian English Statesmen of India.
9. Calcutta and Bombay, Cities of Recent Growth.
10. Lord Clive and Warren Hastings.
11. The Sikhs, Rajputs and Mahrattas.
12. The Sepoy Mutiny, Cawnpore and Lucknow.

APRIL—THE EGYPTIAN MISSION.

1. The Reasonableness of Christian Missions.
2. Which Departments of the Work in Egypt are under the control of the W. G. M. S?
3. Brief Biographical Sketches of Four of Our Own Missionaries.
4. Why Should Hospitals be Established?
5. The Missionary Press.
6. The Providence of God as Manifested in the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt.
7. Financial Conditions.
8. Widening Prospects.

MAY—THE OFT-CONQUERED PEOPLE.

1. India's Great Famines and Plagues; their Causes and Preventive Measures.
2. Comparison between the Pearl Mosque at Agra (Mohammedan), the Shwe Dagon at Rangoon (Buddhist), and the Great Pagoda of Tanjore (Hindu), and their Respective Worships.
3. Hindu Characteristics; Physical, Mental and Moral.
4. Famous Festivals and Pilgrimages.
5. Benares the Holy City and "Mother Gunga."

6. Animal and Plant Worship.
7. Every day life of English Residents.
8. Hindu and Mohammedan Social Customs : Marriage and Funeral Rites, etc.
9. Life Behind the Purdah or in the Zenana.
10. Village Life.
11. Indian Arts and Crafts.
12. The Attitude of the Indian Peoples toward their British Conquerors.

JUNE—NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

1. The Crying Need.
2. The Missionaries Themselves : How Can we Help Them ?
3. The Effect of the Gospel upon the Indian.
4. In what ways is the Life of a Missionary to the Indians more Difficult than that of One to a Foreign Land? In what Ways is it less Severe?
5. Efforts being made by our Church Among the Sac and the Fox Indians.
6. The Best Methods of Encouraging the Spread of the Gospel among the Red Men.
7. How Best to send Missionary Boxes, and what should they contain for these Stations?
8. Peculiar Difficulties of the Indian Work and Plans for Combating Them.

JULY—THE INVASION OF LOVE.

1. Christian Martyrs of India.
2. Schwartz, the Christian
3. The Serampore Trial.
4. William Wilberforce, Statesman and Philanthropist.
5. The decade 1810—1820 in the History of Indian Missions. Great Men at Work. Great Organizations Formed.
6. Alexander Duff, the Founder of English Educatiom in India.
7. What Did the Mutiny mean to the Missionary Enterprise?
8. England and the Opium Traffic and Excise Laws.
9 Notable Native Christians (Men).
10. The Haystack Missionary Meeting and its Latest Outgrowth, the Student Volunteer Movement, both in England and America.
11. To what Extent is Denominational Cooperation practicable in Indian Missions?
12. Mass Movements in the Evangelization of India. (Karens, Kols, Telugus, Garos, South Indians)

AUGUST—REVIEW OF THE YEAR'S WORK.

1. The Need and Duty of Familiarizing Ourselves with our own Missions.
2. Enumeration of the Departments of Work for which the W. G M. S. is Responsible.
3. The mutual Duties of the W. G. M. S. and the Auxiliaries.
4. History of the Thank-offering.
5. Systematic Giving.
6. A Series of Comparisions, (contrasting last year's Reports with those preceding.)
7. The Value of Missionary Literature.
8. Our New Responsibilities.

SEPTEMBER—A CENTURY OF WORK FOR WOMEN.

1. Ann H. Judson, Burma's Saint.
2. Early Heroines of Indian Missions.
3. Women of Note in Indian Missions during the Last Quarter Century.
4. Infanticide and Suttee: Purposes and History of Abolition
5. Comparative Study in Social, Personal, and Mental Characteristics of the Native Women, Hindu, Mohammedan, Eurasian and Parsi.
6. Native Medical, Sanitary and Hygienic Practices.
7. "Clinical Christianity."
8. The story of Mary Reed.
9. Notable Native Christians (Women.)
10. Poona; its Christian Schools and India's Child Widows.
11. The Countess of Dufferin Association.
12. Native College Women in India and what they are Doing.

OCTOBER—MISSIONS AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

1. The Best Methods by which to Become Familiar with Work among the Freedmen.
2. The Influence of Proper Education upon the Negro.
3. The United Presbyterian Opportunity.
4. Enumeration of our Missionaries and Stations among the Freedmen.
5. The Importance of Training the Youth among the Colored People.
6. Do our Missions Succeed in Teaching the Negro Proper Self-Dependence?
7. Perils of the Freedmen.
8. The Christianization of the Negro.

NOVEMBER—FORCES OF DARKNESS AND FORCES OF LIGHT.

1. India as a Point of Vantage in winning the Eastern World to Christ.
2. Missions to India as Social Settlements.
3. Material, Intellectual and Political Improvement in India under British Rule.
4. Dangers of Civilization without Christianity.
5. Question for Debate: Should the British Viceroy urge the Hindus to keep their Temples in Repair?
6. What should be the Attitude of Christian Women toward Theosophy and Kindred Cults?
7. Native Hindu Reformers.
8. Where does the Responsibility for the Enlightenment of India's Millions Rest?
9. Contrast between the Timidity of many Indian Politicians and the Courage of Indian Missionaries.
10. What may be involved to a High-caste Hindu in making a Public Christian Confession?
11. The Missionary Enterprise and the Kingdom of God.
12. The Religion of Christ the Supreme Revelation.

DECEMBER—OUR INDIA MISSION.

1. The Reactionary Effect of Foreign Missions on the Home Church.
2. The Necessity of a Carefully Prepared Missionary Staff. Importance of Suitable Training-schools.
3. Work among the Children in India.
4. The Training of Heathenism: The Waxing of Infidelity.
5. Village Missions.
6. Christian Work done by Natives.
7. Vernacular Literature.

8. The Work of a Woman Missionary in India.
9. Hopeful Indications.
10. The Marked Efficiency of United Presbyterian Missions to India Exemplified. M. H. W.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY TOPICS FOR 1903.

JANUARY. The Dim Centuries in India.

FEBRUARY. Home Missions; Ministerial Relief Church Extension Parsonage Work.

MARCH. India's Invaders.

APRIL. The Egyptian Mission.

MAY. The Oft-Conquered People.

JUNE. North American Indians.

JULY. The Invasion of Love.

AUGUST. Review of the Year's Work.

SEPTEMBER. A Century of Work for Women.

OCTOBER. Missions Among the Freedmen.

NOVEMBER. Forces of Darkness and Forces of Light.

DECEMBER. Our India Mission.

Thank-offering.

"*Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.*"—Psalm 36:5.

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining."

"Give others the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest."

Some Autumn Leaves To Turn.

EXHORTATIONS OF THE PSALMIST.

Psalm 50:14. Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.

Psalm 100:4. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

Psatm 107;22. Sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving and declare his works with rejoicing.

HEART RESPONSES.

Psalm 116:17. I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving; I will pay my vows now in the presence of all his people.

Psalm 69:30. I will praise the name of God with a song and will magnify him with thanksgiving.

Psalm 26:67. I will compass thine altar O Lord: That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving and tell of all thy wondrous works.

A Thanksgiving Message.

While glad hearts are everywhere in our land rejoicing over bountiful harvests, full granaries and prosperous times in all departments of mercantile life, all should look up to God as the generous Giver and sing with David the Psalmist:

Thy visit brings the showers,
Thy floods enrich the field:
Thy blessing so provides it,
That earth our food shall yield.

The year is crowned with goodness,
Thy paths drop fatness round.
The little hills and pastures
With joyfulness resound.

The fields with flocks are covered,
The vales with corn are clad;
They shout, yea, they are singing,
For thou hast made them glad.

On this coming Thanksgiving Day, studiously endeavor to recall the wonderful blessings God hath bestowed upon you and your loved ones during the past twelve months and prove to God your gratitude by placing a generous offering for missions in your Thank-offering box, and in the giving sing your songs of gladness.

No service in which God's people can engage is so much like the heavenly as that of singing songs of praise and thanksgiving.

If we desire to join with saints and angels in their songs throughout eternity, we must first have our voices tuned by God's Holy Spirit in this life. Let us begin *now* ere another sun hath set, ere another day's record is made above, to, with God's help, keep ourselves ever in the spirit of praise.

What a glad Thanksgiving Day will eternity prove to be, if in this present life we keep in mind that all we have belongs to God. To hold all we have of time and talents and means for Him, and to use all for the extension of His kingdom, will cause us to welcome every opportunity to tell others the way of salvation and to rejoice with the angels over every converted soul.

Sincerely,
(MRS.) MARY CLOKEY PORTER.

God's Part.

A THANK-OFFERING STORY.

The November sky was frostily clear. The moon, gliding in and out among the clouds, sent a beam straight through the west window into Frances Waite's eyes. Gray and wide open were they, though the clock had just struck three; there was in them a look of pain patiently born, a hint that they were no stranger to midnight wakings.

It was Thanksgiving night. The day had held less of pain than usual, and the advent of bright faces and gay voices had cheered its hours. Tiny feet pattering about soft baby hands caressing her cheek, and little faces, whose love knew naught of pity, smiling into her eyes, brimmed them with tears at the bare memory.

Other recollections arose. She heard once more the clear troubled tones of the girl cousin who had left the throng below to steal up to her quiet room, saying:

"Oh, Frances dear, I do not feel at all thankful today! Life is full of such strange happenings. Think of what I had last Thanksgiving, mother and my home! I have dropped offerings in my box all the year, but they were for such little, surface occasions for gratitude. I have felt all along underneath it, a great upswelling of rebellion. I could submit, but I could not say 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' What does God give us when he takes so much away?'

"Himself!" Frances had answered reverently. "Within us and about us. You have not wanted to rebel, nor pushed him away. We have seen the Christ-life forming in you, making you more like Him than you were last Thanksgiving. Claire, think of the glory of such a happening! Your mother, seeing it, must feel that she has blessed you by going, even as Jesus said, 'It is expedient for you that I go away.' But, little cousin, you have forgotten that he is *beside* you; you have not rejoiced in his presence and companionship."

"No." Claire said, meditatively, "It has only given me a safe feeling. I never thought of it as a cause for gladness, though to have mother beside me would fill me with exulting joy. Yet, I always thought it worth while for those Hebrew lads to be cast into a furnace seven times heated, since it brought the Son of God to walk with them there! Thank you, Fran, I shall try to look up and see 'him who is invisible, and really be glad. I want to!"

Then the scene changed. She had been carried down into the library after tea, and now saw again the gathered members of her mother's missionary society, met there for their Thank-offering services. Tiny boxes, more or less filled by the year's occasions of gratitude, were piled upon the table. One after another the ladies related bits of experience which had called forth their gifts. Frances wondered if any were given for blessings brought by the hand of pain, or had been cast in because of the loving presence of the Master.

Coin after coin had fallen from her hand because of the sure promise that all these things which befell her were working together for the making good, God like—of her who loved him. *That* was worth suffering for, because it would be a part of herself in the day when she should see the King in his beauty, and, being like Him, should be "beautiful" too. Meanwhile his joy—the joy of helping others—remained with her, suffering having given her the knowledge

and therefore the power to show other how wonderful were the blessings pain held for each.

These were the *real* things to Frances, her occasions for offering thanks; picnics, summer trips, new dresses were outside pleasures and—transient. *Her* blessings stayed.

The recitals had been such as are usual in meetings of the kind, till little Mrs. Adams arose.

"My husband and I decided last year to keep this box together, and, besides, to put into it only money that was really our own. We believe," she continued modestly, "that our brains and hands being God's gift, (they are our only capital) all we make is 'increase,' and the tenth of that, you know, always has been the Lord's. We have set that proportion aside, according as we were prospered, for years, and felt pretty well satisfied with ourselves till I joined your society and took this box. Then we began to study about thank-offerings and we found that they could not come out of our tithe, for that was already the Lord's, and how could we insult him by keeping back a part and then parading it as a gift, giving him his own by littles and then calling it a present. Neither could we give him a gift till we had paid our honest debts; otherwise we might be offering other people's money to him. The only way was to spend less on ourselves. Bible thank-offerings seem to have been self-denial gifts—'I will offer unto the Lord the sacrifice of thanksgiving.' You all know that Aunt Phoebe has always been like a mother to me. We often did without things just for the joy of sending her little gifts. It was no sacrifice; we planned for it weeks beforehand. One day Will said, 'Why can't we give to God in that way, instead of wondering how we can spare it? It does seem as if a man might be thankful to have such a great God willing to accept his poor little gifts!' I thought of it last night when old Dinah said proudly, 'I kin give a burfday present to young missus same's other folks.' Well we tried it, and Oh, it is so pleasant to plan to give to God,"

"There were wave offerings and peace offerings, first fruit, free will and trepass offerings" spoke up Jennie Baer. "It seems that the Jews gave God nearly one-half their income! Isn't it queer that we who have Christ think it is dreadful to be asked to set aside the tenth for the spread of *his* kingdom? It does seem as if we should at least keep two extra boxes, for free-will and thank-offerings. I think Mrs. Adam's gift has a flavor of both."

And then Grandma Buhrman spoke the last word. "After all it is this 'flavor,' the aroma of the heart's share of the giving that is God's part of our gifts. The coins are of the earth, earthy. Some things outweigh money in heaven's scales; perhaps some of our heaviest boxes are light as feathers." (Mrs. Goldie's twelve dollars suddenly became less of a salve to her conscience, they having been hurriedly deposited in the box at the last moment.) "This box," finished the old lady, raising one she had brought for an absent member, "holds cousecrated money, and is heavy with messages for God."

Recollection faltered there. Frances' eyelids grew deliciously heavy,—suddenly they seemed to be opening to a strange, soft light which filled the room, and she became conscious of a beautiful presence beside her.

"I am the Thanksgiving angel," said a voice of wondrous sweetness. "I have carried many gifts from you to God. I am come to empty these boxes."

"We took out the money last night," began Frances, but he interrupted her, "Only Cæsar's part. I am come to render unto God the things that are God's. Many of these boxes are full to overflowing. God's part is what the heart lifts to Him in the giving."

"Were you always the Thanksgiving angel?" Frances questioned. "Always," he answered with a far-away look in his eyes. "Ever since the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy. I have borne to God men's gratitude from all lands and climes, for things great and small. I have caught the spirit of their offerings as they laid them on the altar and the smoke thereof ascended on high. I have

been in palaces and hovels, on battle fields and in solemn assemblies; I was with the angels that night on Bethlehem's plain, and amid the believing disciples that first Easter day! I gathered God's part out of the splendor of Solomon's dedication of the temple, and out of the rejoicings of that Thanksgiving Day amid the hardships and snows of New England. But, thank God, it is always Thanksgiving Day somewhere! Wherever men give thanks to God I am present; whenever they make him an offering I catch the music of its praise and bear it up to him. Listen,"—he laid his hand lightly on the boxes and a chorus of wonderful melody burst forth, notes low with the rythm of unmentioned blessings, sweet ringing measures of praise, clear tones of joyous thanksgiving, solemn chords of rejoicing, too deep for words. Major and minor strains mingling and blending, rising and falling with harmonious sweetness, a song without words that was yet full of language to God's ear.

The girl's eyes filled with tears, for, amid the music, some tones had gone straight to her own heart, and by the look on the angel's face she knew they had come for a little box which had stood the whole year within reach of her hand.

Her heart swelled. "His loving-kindness was great toward me," she said, smiling through tears up into the glorious face of the angel. "He daily loaded me with benefits."

"Very lovely is thy song of praise to Him," was the answer, "For thou hast offered to the Lord an offering in righteousness."—*Lutheran Leaflet.*

Young People's Department.

EXCHANGE.

A very pleasant occasion in the calendar of the First U. P. church, Xenia, Ohio, is the annual basket meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of that church. The regular monthly meetings are held in the lecture room of the church on the afternoon of the last Wednesday of every month; but the annual basket meeting on the last Wednesday in August is held at the rural home of some member. To this meeting an invitation is extended to all other societies of the church and to the entire congregation.

The last basket meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Ira Townsley, about one and a half miles from town, in the afternoon of August 27. Members of the congregation who had vehicles kindly aided the committee on arrangements so that every person wishing to attend was furnished with comfortable transportation without cost to the individual or to the society. At two o'clock the meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. J. F. Hutchison. The devotional exercises were conducted by Mrs. Harvey Nash. A letter from Mrs. Giffen, of Egypt, written to the society, was read. After the conclusion of the program an hour was spent in a social way until at half past four when baskets were unpacked and the contents spread upon the two long tables that Mr. Townsley had erected on lawn. Hot coffee and the innumerable articles that others had forgotten were supplied by the hostess, making the basket supper a most complete and sumptuous feast. No souvenir to aid one in remembering the occasion was needed by those who were present, but to those who were detained by sickness or other misfortunes were sent boxes containing most generous portions of both the substantial and the delicacies of the occasion.

The occasion is always looked forward to with anticipations of the greatest delight, and it is certainly a strong factor in pro-

moting harmony and good fellowship among the members of the congregation.

JESSA PIERSON.

This plan will aid in solving the problem, "How arouse greater interest in missions, and in our Women's Missionary societies." It will be some time before a meeting can be held out of doors; but a winter basket meeting would be just as enjoyable held in the church or a private residence, as is most convenient. A church with a large country membership might find this a good plan for the holidays, arranging with the several societies—Juniors and Senior Missionary, and Young People's—to take part in the exercises. If one of our returned missionaries could be present it would add to the interest.

The Juggernaut.

The idol of Juggernaut, which the Hindoos regard with great reverence, is a very ugly god, an almost formless block of wood. The reason given is that it was due to curiosity. Visvakarma, the god-workman, agreed centuries ago to make an image to represent Vishnu, but no one was to spy upon him while at work. The king, however, played the part of a "Peeping Tom," and the god-workman in wrath departed, leaving Juggernaut this hideous block.

The horrible car of Juggernaut is an immense, moving tower, which stands in the temple on the coast of Orissa. Once a year, the 18th of June, the huge affair is brought out, and the ugly god, after being washed and dressed in new garments of silk and gold, is carefully lifted into the car and drawn to the country-house of the god Vishnu, about a mile distant aud back again. Six ropes or cables, 300 feet long, are attached to the car, by means of which the worshipers draw it. Formerly thousands crowded to grasp the ropes, and many threw themselves under the moving wheels, meeting a voluntary death. All this was much encouraged by the priests. This annual festival while still the great event of the religious year of the worshipers of Juggernaut, has lost much of its influence over the worshipers.

FROM Month TO Month.

Board of Directors.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board was held Oct. 7, 1902, and was opened with devotional exercises conducted by the President, Mrs. Herron. Fourteen members were present.

The Freedmen's secretary reported appeals for aid from Leakesville, N. C. and from Miller's Ferry, Ala., and action was taken with a view of helping these needy fields. Letters received from Knoxville and Chase City stated that schools had opened with increased attendance and bright prospects. Reports for September were receiv-

ed from the sewing departments of Bluestone, Camden, Chase City, Cleveland and Norfolk, also from cooking department of Norfolk, and for August from sewing department of Prairie. Mr. N. B. Cotton submitted financial statement of farm for September.

The business manager of Juniors' Magazine reported that Literature committee recommends increasing Magazine four pages, club price to be ten cents per copy, single copy twenty-five cents. Recommendation was approved. Bids for printing Juniors' Magazine were submitted and that of Murdock & Kerr was accepted. It was decided to send November and December numbers of Juniors' Magazine to new subscribers ordering in time.

Literature secretary reported that the Literature committee recommended that an additional leaf be added to catalogue and that a leaflet giving short facts on India be published. These recommendations were approved.

Literature secretary gave a report of sales and receipts during August and September; balance for August, $17.88 and for September, $6.70.

Rev. Charles Watson, the new corresponding secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, on his way to East Liverpool Synod, dropped in on the Board, and was introduced to the members present. Mr. Watson spoke a few words of encouragement.

After prayer by Mrs. Campbell for guidance in selecting a successor to Mrs. Wilson, the Board proceeded to the election of a member to fill vacancy caused by her resignation, and Mrs. John McNaugher, of Allegheny, was elected.

Thank-offering secretary reported orders for boxes coming in steadily and she was instructed to keep herself supplied with thank-offering boxes, and to prepare a leaflet setting forth needs of the different departments to be sent out with boxes.

The Assistant Foreign secretary presented the application of Dr. Jessie Phandora Simpson, of New Castle, for appointment as medical missionary to India to fill vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Sophie Johnson, reporting that application had been endorsed by Foreign Board, and that Dr. Simpson had secured appointment. The action of Foreign Board was approved.

Mrs. E. M Hill reported that all arrangements for reception to out-going missionaries were completed, and submitted program which was adopted.

Rev. Scott, of India, reported hospital work in Jhelum and Bhera doing nicely. A letter from Miss Buchanan stated that school had been opened only one week when ordered closed an account of cholera.

Parsonage secretary reported two applications for parsonage aid, but consideration of these was postponed.

West Alles, Wis.. and Toledo, O., were granted home missionaries. Home secretary was instructed to begin correspondence with reference to taking up work among the Sacs and Fox Indians. It was decided to continue Miss Stewart at Tacoma for another year, provided new work be undertaken at Fern Hill.

Miss McMunn reported work begun at Cincinnati, and monthly reports were received from Misses Cox and Wishart.

Treasurer's receipts during September were $3570.42; disbursements, $6582.92.

Finance committee reported a letter from Mrs. Gordon, of Pasadena, Cal., informing the Board that her mother had left $1200 to be paid Women's Board to be used principally for foreign missions.

M. J. HILL, Sec'y.

Foreign Missions—Monthly Message

Out of the midst of the distractions and anxieties incident to taking up a new work, and with a realization of the vastness and infinite reach of that work which is all but overwhelming, your new Secretary is called upon to write his first message to the church. He can scarcely hope to do this satisfactorily to himself or to his constituents who may read this article.

First, however, let me bear grateful testimony to the extreme kindness of the members of the Board, who have welcomed me both privately and by a public reception, with a cordiality which assures me of their

sympathy and help. Nothing could exceed Dr. Barr's kindness, and I must a.d, patience, in assisting me to get hold of the details of the work.

As to news from the field, there are few items to report, partly because little has transpired and partly owing to the fact that it may take some time to establish that personal correspondence which serves as a channel for much of the news.

$44,550 VERSUS $80,000.

Our treasurer, Mr. Robt. L. Latimer, presents the following report of receipts for September, 1902: presbyteries, $1985 92; Sabbath-schoo's, $75.11; bequests, $1401 82; individuals, specials, &c, $613.00; Women's Board, $1150.00; Interest, $162.80; C. Y. P. C U. convention fund, $368.20; Sudan fund, $3.00; Pressly Memorial fund, $10.80; Ladies' Missionary Society, $5.00 Total, $5775.65. Specials—Gordon Memorial College, India, $16.44; India famine orphans, $15.00.

If last month's record was reported as "unsatisfactory," what can your new and inexperienced secretary say of this month with its increased shortage? $80,000 is the proportional amount which our treasurer ought to have received since the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. $44,550.00 is all he has received up to date. We believe the church intends to vindicate by her gifts the large faith which inspired her appropriations. We must, however, begin at once to retrieve this shortage, or it will be too late. "You didn't run fast enough," said an onlooker to one who ran up just too late to catch the train. "You are mistaken," was the reply, "I ran fast enough, but I didn't start soon enough."

Let the burden of the first message be neither money, nor workers; let it be an earnest appeal for prayer. This is no formal request. It comes out of a solemn realization that this is actually the greatest need of the work.

Prayer is needed today to vitalize the missionary agencies now in operation. There is a deadness about much of our work which ought not to exist in view of God's promises. One of our India missionaries said to me this summer, while we were talking about the financial need, "But really what we need most of all in India is an outpouring of God's Spirit." You can read the same confession on almost every page of our Annual Report. Missionary agencies become empty channels, unless prayer open the sluices that divine grace may flow through them. Missionary agencies become so much dead machinery, unless prayer bring them into living connection with the divine power which alone can operate them efficiently. The 17,000 copies of Scripture distributed in Egypt last year were books thrown away, unless we have the assurance that the Holy Spirit will follow that Word, and we cannot have that assurance without prayer.

Prayer is needed today to enable us to triumph over difficulties. The church and her missionaries may look difficulties in the face and expect them to be made stepping stones to higher achievement through prayer. In the presence of envy and hypocrisy, Paul wrote confidently, "I know that this shall turn to my salvation through your prayer and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ."

Prayer can offset the disastrous results of an unavoidable retrenchment. Where individuals or churches have reached the limit of their ability to give and yet there is need, they may yet double and treble their service through intercessory prayer. It is not a mere question of the number of workers; there is the question of the spiritual power of those workers.

Prayer is needed today to sanctify this year's advance in the church's appropriations. Our church has taken a great stride forward in her missionary work—an increase of $30,000 in her appropriations to foreign missions over last year. There must be a corresponding advance in consecration and spiritual power, otherwise, we are contributing so much lifeless organization as a burden for coming years. If there is not back of this financial advance, a spiritual impulse manifesting itself in prayer, the harvest will be no greater for all the improvement in machinery.

Before we are commanded to give or to go, our Master bids us to pray. Let us as a church sanctify our gifts with prayer. Here is the special need of the hour:

PRAYER, earnest, intelligent, obedient, 'faith'-full Prayer, until there are heard "great voices in heaven saying, 'The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

C. R. WATSON, Cor. Sec'y.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, '02.

Mrs. Joseph Mitchell.

The managers of the "United Presbyterian Orphans' Home" have met with a sore bereavement in the loss of one of our oldest and most valued members, Mrs. Joseph Mitchell, and we desire to offer a tribute of love to her memory, and to express our appreciation of her devoted life.

For twenty years Mrs. Mitchell has been a most faithful laborer in our Orphans' Home Board. She was with us in our days of "small things," when to be a manager meant *work* and *sacrifice* of one's time and ease. She loved the work, and gave herself heart and soul to it. Her place at our meetings was never vacant unless detained by sickness at home. Her wise judgment and ability as chairman of our Purchasing committee secured for the Home many comforts and saved for it many dollars.

Mrs. Mitchell was ever ready to spend and be spent in this part of her Master's work. Her gentle loving spirit won the love of all who knew her. The "Home" children realized that in her they had a friend to whom they could go in all their trials and find the love and sympathy their young hearts craved.

As managers we feel that a great sorrow has fallen upon us. Her vacant seat at our monthly meetings will ever remind us of her labors of love among us, and the rememberance of her useful life will ever stimulate us to more zeal in the work God has given us to do.

Our deepest sympathies go out to her bereaved husband and sons, and we commend them to the same Saviour she loved and served, and our prayer is that they may be sustained and comforted by Him who has said, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." Our beloved friend is now one of our "crowned ones," and while she has left a large number on earth to mourn her loss, she doubtless was greeted on "the other shore" by a host of glorified loved ones, who have preceded her to "the beautiful city not made with hands eternal in the Heavens."

MRS. GEO. W. MACDONALD,
MRS. GEORGE SHAW,
MRS. MATTIE PATTERSON,
MRS. M. F. REED.
} COM.

Dr. Sophie E. Johnson.

A memorial service was held by the W. M. S. of Westmoreland Presbytery, at its meeting at Jeannette Sept. 18, in memory of Dr. S. E. Johnson, and the following tribute and resolutions adopted.

We as members of Westmoreland Presbyterial Society are to-day under a great sorrow. Our friend and missionary, Dr. S. E. Johnson, has been called from her labor of love for humanity, to the rest that is prepared for the people of God.

Hers was a consecrated life. More fully do we realize this when we learn of what tempting offers she refused in this land in order that she might carry healing and salvation to the suffering and benighted ones of her native land. How faithful she was in this work! She freely gave time, money, strength and influence that the Good Samaritan Hospital might be advanced. Her soul having been filled with God's love, it was shown in every action, beautifying her life.

May her intense earnestness be to us an inspiration to noble deeds, and to more consecrated lives in the Master's service, and while we feel our loss, we would not be unmindful of those who have been so closely associated with her in her work, to whom she has been a counselor and friend. We commend them to Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Dr. Johnson has gone from us to receive her well merited reward. We shall miss her, but it is a great comfort to know that her influence for good never will die. She still speaks to souls, and her work will follow her. "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

WHEREAS, God in his dealings with the children of men has seen fit to take from us our beloved friend and missionary,

Resolved 1st, That we bow in humble submission to His will, and bear testimony to her faithfulness in her work and to her strong Christian character, as manifested in her zeal for the salvation of those about her, in her love for the profession that she made her life work, in her efforts to relieve her suffering sisters in her home land and to tell them of the Great Physician.

Resolved 2nd, That we, as a Presbyterial, make strenuous efforts to tell our sisters in our home land of the Great Physician and so perpetuate her memory by following her example so far as she followed her Saviour.

Resolved 3rd, That, in view of the excellent service rendered to the cause of our India mission by Dr. S. E. Johnson, and having confidence that the urgent call from her fellow-missionaries in India to send another to take her place is both timely and wise, our Westmoreland Presbyterial will continue, without interruption, to give its former contributions in support of this special work, and that notice of this action be sent to the Women's Board earnestly praying that the effort being made to secure a suitable person for the position may be effected soon. COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Thos. S. Stewart.

A memorial service was held by the W. M. S. of Westmoreland Presbytery, at its meeting at Jeannette, Sept. 18, to the memory of Mrs. Thos. S. Stewart, and the following tribute and resolutions adopted.

Since last we met, our Presbyterial Society has sustained a great loss in the death of one of our most faithful workers, Mrs. Thos. S. Stewart, who was suddenly called to her reward July 2nd, 1902.

Mrs. Stewart was an active, earnest Christian worker, serving as an example to all and leaving sweet memories in the hearts of those who knew her. She was a friend of missions, interested in all the work of the church, being a Life Member of the Women's General Missionary Society, a member of the Women's Board for six years, and secretary of church Extension and Parsonage Fund for one year. She was also the able and devoted President of our Presbyterial last year, and in May of the present year was one of the committee in charge of the memorial ser-

vice, held during the meeting of the Women's General Society in Xenia, in memory of Dr. Johnson of India.

As a Presbyterial Society we feel we have lost a cheerful, willing, and untiring worker, one who was always interested in whatever pertained to the advancement of Christ's kingdom. We sorrow, because we have lost a friend, and in view of this providence of God, be it

Resolved 1st, That we bow in submission to our Father's will, and recognize the call unto us, "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

Resolved 2nd, That we may live lives of devotion and faith that our influence may bring others to Christ, and that we may follow our Master, as our friend followed him.

Resolved 3rd, That we bear testimony to the Christian character and to the faithful and abundant service of our departed sister.

Resolved 4th, That we extend our sympathy to the friends, and especially to the son and daughter, and commend them to our loving Father's care who has said "I will not leave you comfortless."

Mrs. Sarah Reynolds.

The L. M. Society of South Henderson, Ill., desire to pay a tribute of love to the memory of one of its charter members, Mrs Sarah Reynolds, who died June 2nd.

We feel that in her death we have lost a faithful member, and our President a kind and loving mother. An humble, earnest Christian worker, she was always willing to do with her might whatever her hands found to do." We shall miss her presence, her wise council, and her prayers; but we sorrow not as those without hope.

We extend our sympathy to the children and friends and commend them to the love of God, for he careth for them.

MRS. PLUMMER,
MRS. JOHNSON,
MRS. MILLEN. } COM.

Mrs. Rhode C. McQuown.

The W. M. S. of Walton, Kan., has sustained a loss in the death of one of its faithful members, Mrs. Rhoda C. McQuown, which occurred at her daughter's residence, in Colorado Springs, June 30th, 1902.

May her life of faithful attendance upon all the services of the church be an example unto us all. For many years has her voice been heard in the Sabbath-school expounding the Word of God while her faithful attendance upon and interest in the work of our society is worthy of our emulation. The blessings of those who die in the Lord are now hers.

Mrs. Jane Boyd.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of West Union, Ill., desire to express and record this tribute of love and appreciation of our dear sister, Mrs. Jane Boyd, who, on the 24th of July, 1902, was called by our Heavenly Father from this earthly tabernacle to a home not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

Our hearts are made sad because we shall see her face no more and shall be deprived of her counsel; but we rejoice in the assurance that she has received that welcome plaudit from her Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord", where she may enjoy eternal rest.

We commend her sorrowing husband and family to Him who hath said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

MRS. M. M. MONTGOMERY,
MRS. MINNIE NEELY,
MISS IVA CRAZIER, } COM.

Mrs. Mary Parker.

The Women's Missionary Society of Norris Square Church, Philadelphia, would with deep sorrow record this tribute of love and respect to one of their number, Mrs. Mary Parker, wife of Robert Wilson, who fell asleep in Jesus Aug. 22nd, 1902.

It might be said that she had much to live for, yet we doubt not "to die was gain." Though she was a woman of kind, quiet, gentle unassuming manner, strenuously devoted to her family, she was none the less consecrated to her God. Naturally sympathetic, she was always ready to help the needy. Her life was pure and useful; her end was peace. We feel that we have lost one of our most faithful and honored members, one who was ever ready to give wise, prudent counsel.

We would record our high appreciation of her sweet unselfish life, her noble example and her deep interest in all that pertained to God's house. Though dead she speaketh. Her memory will be lovingly cherished.

We would extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, and commend them to the loving Father whose grace never fails and who has said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

SARAH C. PARKER,
MARY C. SMITH,
MARY N. MCLEAN, } COM.

Mrs. Mary Ann Murdock.

The Women's Missionary Society of Oakdale, Pa., United Presbyterian church desire to place on record this testimonial to the worth of their beloved sister and co-laborer in Christ, Mrs. Mary Ann Murdock.

In her death we have lost a beloved and honored member, a true and loving friend whose counsels were wise and whose hand was ever ready to help. Her home where our meetings were usually held was always open with a hearty welcome. Quiet and unassuming in her manner, Mrs. Murdock performed her part with a cheerful spirit and with a willingness to help in every good work.

In her sudden death we recognized the voice of God saying unto us, "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." COM.

Mrs. Anna Morrison.

At a recent meeting of the Ladies Missionary Society of Wurtenburg, Pa., United Presbyterian congregation, the following was adopted on the death of Mrs. Anna Morrison, and ordered to be published in Women's Missionary Magazine.

Resolved 1, That, in this providence, we bow humbly to the will of our heavenly Father, knowing that he doeth all things well.

2. That in her death we have met with a sore bereavement. A charter member of our society, she was ever in the fore front of the work. Wise in counsel, devoted in service, we miss her greatly.

3. That we emulate her example and be admonished to more earnestness and activity in the work of the Master.

4. That we extend our heart felt sympathy to the bereaved ones, and commend them to him whose grace is sufficient in every trial. COMMITTEE.

MONASTERY IN THE HYMALAYAS, INDIA.